A Quiet Place – Novel Based on the Film
By Shomit Sirohi

Introduction

Many things happens in French scope as it were, such as the incident of a man who was walking into a protest in Israel and many things happen to the small room he is sleeping with women in.

In fact many things transpire in a life which is spent with the poor. He is even travelling by ship to Algiers and then in Iran for a day or two – why he is in fact swept away with all that is really going on is because he is with no money and has a connection who keeps calling him to Paris.

I call this an itinerary of the travels – from a criminal case filed on him in Paris where he is appearing before the court to in fact being given a gun. Ilaan is busy being heroic and talking to the FBI all that follows are such chapters as it were of the Quran.

Imagine it to mean seven or eight parts about scenes in life – like one scene disjointed from another in a number of disjointed scenes which have a structure of daily life in French scope. I was even listening to music in New York and mixing kitchen food.

Fade In.

A man is smoking and talking.

He is working on his life.

A Journalist, Professor and Communist revolutionist.

Scene I.

Ext. Road In Paris near a Cafe

Ilaan

What do we do about our life and what it entails, do we live forever.

Many people are conversing in the cafe and this also cuts to Tehranian cafes with Burqa women and people capturing a film in the cafe.

Edit to a Court room.

Belano

Yes, I agree with this poem.

He is waiting in a court room for legal documents to meet Ilaan.

Maksud

In fact the Quran promises such language and is about abstraction and even theological fates, which means we live forever.

Ilaan

Walking up and down and talking on the phone was freeing me.

A number of reports in his suit case on perfect health by in fact scientific measurements. And he is busy in the rain with Aldone and Jamallene, even Michellete joins them with Malone.

Scene II

Al Makki

Ilaan –

Where do we go, (Strikes in the background) as he is smoking and talking to a lover.

Natalia –

We should just leave.

Fade In

In a room, smoking and talking, drinking.

Scene II

In French scope

Arabic letters forming

At a strike and talking in the rain.

With headphones a number of women are in the cafe, where they meet and exchange Tehzeeb.

Part I

I. Irtiqa –

يرتيقا

In New York, a number of detectives from LAPD and FBI, even from CIA, are busy walking and talking, even getting into cars, and one man is in India, and in a room where he is a French and Arabic speaking Professor. The formalism of his life and others is joined to a incident which took place of a gun shot on his friend and now lover which then is a number of developments on the crime.

In this scope of French life which he is leading sometimes in India, and other times in Iran, the logic of sense then is a difficult life spent in Irtiqa he argues. Which means a revelation which is spent in love but also in politics and friendship falling apart, love falling apart. He meant this when he was on the phone in a small hotel, which connected to a CIA person in New York.

Several years earlier there were people looking up a fake policeman in Mumbai which led to a number of encounter cases where in Mumbai, a gang was in fact developing a number of activities such as trading in drugs on ship coasts and even a fake policeman encountering a woman in Navi Mumbai.

II. Metaphysical Scenes – Irtiqa

In fact in one scene a man is Ilaan, which is his name where he is busy in Paris and in a hotel room and sometimes in a rundown mall which is with a lift and elevator and is intercut to scenes in a house which is a Banileu where in fact he is praying to be freed.

He is conversing on a phone and talking to people again.

III. In Algiers – Irtiqa again

In a small ship port he is then inside a ship, and is developing a crossing to France. In Mumbai a number of gun shots go off.

IV. In Iran

A protest is set off, and the man is still praying in Paris. A number of developments of metaphysical scenes – in a conversation in a Banileu and sometimes in a pub with his lover there is a Irtiqa again, imagining the old days he spent with her, as he forges a passport. The CIA is busy travelling looking for the criminals. A major case for them on the subject of Arab relations.

Fade In.

A man is smoking and talking.

He is working on a computer and developing a journalistic piece at one level, with Urdu letters on Israel as class lecture at another level and a pamphlet for the PCF in France at a third level – he calls this juxtaposition.

A Journalist, Professor and intellectual he is talking to the Burqa women who are all around the room and related flats in the apartment, he is busy drinking coffee in the morning with them.

Scene I.

Ext. Road In a Apartment appearing like a Cafe Kiosk and Apartment Housing.

Ilaan

What do we do about our life, people are laughing and conversing.

Many people are conversing in the cafe and this also cuts to Tehranian cafes with Burqa women who are all on the phone talking to Ilaan.

Belano is smoking and joking with the French philosophers.

Edit to a Court room.

Belano

Yes, I agree with this poem.

He is waiting in a court room for legal documents to meet Ilaan.

Maksud

In fact the Quran promises such language and is about abstraction and even theological fates, which means we live forever.

Ilaan

Walking up and down and talking on the phone was freeing me.

A number of reports in his suit case on perfect health by in fact scientific measurements. And he is busy in the rain with Aldone and Jamallene, even Michellete joins them with Malone.

Scene II

Al Makki

Ilaan –

Where do we go, (Strikes in the background) as he is smoking and talking to a lover.

Natalia –

We should just leave.

Alot of women are smoking and wearing skirts and t-shirts and talking about films and Urdu letters which is showing in the cinema hall at Paris.

Fade In

In a room, smoking and talking, drinking.

Scene II

In French scope

Arabic letters forming

At a strike and talking in the rain.

With headphones a number of women are in the cafe, where they meet and exchange Tehzeeb.

Part II

بلاکا

Int. Hotel and Festival – at a Beach in Goa

I. A number of discussions on a beach

In fact a number of discussions in Arabic on a beach, which then is a long set of incidents in his history – crime then in Paris which is talking to a Corsican which develops in a Banileu and is in fact a small French scope room where he keeps talking to him and walking back home in a another sector and takes a French taxi and metro to work in this informal labouring section of his labouring life. With a gun taken.

II. Japan – a number of Disco and Gaming lives –

A man in Japan was on the phone with the Corsican and living a happy cheap capitalist life which meant a reduction which was all the gaming and virtual happiness of a life spent gaming.

He was then travelling to Thailand where he met the CIA and talked to them about this man who keeps calling him from France and gives them the phone number.

In Thailand a number of people are in fact getting off and looking for FBI detectives who they meet from in fact India. These are people who have another case in their finding based on Thailand.

III. Quran

A woman in her Burqa is smoking in Iran, and a man is busy walking in Thailand and eating a sandwich and then calls her. A metaphysical sense in the phone booth which then is literary conversation for them. He is on cannabis and is sleeping in the phone booth, and is also in fact levitating.

A man is busy in a Motel in Newark and is in fact reading an Urdu pamphlet and many people are in fact crossing the ship in Algiers, black men who are reading a pamphlet as well.

In the ship another Indian man is busy conversing in a cabin sometimes on the ship about the fate of that woman who was shot.

IV. French Scope Quran

Deduced

In Paris there are many men who are following his life, the Arabic professor, and are following an art gathering in a small gallery and talking about the sense of winter and revelation which then is in head phones and on a reduction and even smoking inside – it is like a Banileu they joke this gallery and they are in fact talking about a small café to meet in.

V. Deduced Further

In a small room again, sometimes in a beach, sometimes in a ship and sometimes in Cuba as plain clothes policemen which then read the situation off a cell phone message in old phone Cuba and then of course they are talking to the Cuban secret police about the number of connections to this case – a whole set of Mumbai police are catching a man and beating him up – he is the fake policeman they put him in an old car.

Part III

ازااد

Fade In.

A man is smoking and talking.

Scene I.

Ext. Road In Paris near a Cafe

Ilaan

What do we do about our life and what it entails, do we live forever.

Philosophers are talking about eternal life lived in Ilaan and Belano’s sense of life – they are in cars on the radio.

Many people are conversing in the cafe and this also cuts to Tehranian cafes with Burqa women and people capturing a film in the cafe.

Edit to a Court room.

Belano

Yes, I agree with this poem.

He is waiting in a court room for legal documents to meet Ilaan.

Maksud

In fact the Quran promises such language and is about abstraction and even theological fates, which means we live forever.

Ilaan

Walking up and down and talking on the phone was freeing me.

A number of reports in his suit case on perfect health by in fact scientific measurements. And he is busy in the rain with Aldone and Jamallene, even Michellete joins them with Malone.

Scene II

Al Makki

Ilaan –

Where do we go, (Strikes in the background) as he is smoking and talking to a lover.

Natalia –

We should just leave.

Alot of kisses and sex in a room, which though is imagined.

Fade In

In a room, smoking and talking, drinking.

Scene II

In French scope

Arabic letters forming

At a strike and talking in the rain.

With headphones a number of women are in the cafe, where they meet and exchange Tehzeeb.

A man is busy packing his bags and running a deal with a woman who is in his room, and in fact this cuts to a scene in Madrid where he was in fact with four women maybe ten and they were in fact Irtiqa which meant getting onto drugs and alcohol and even metaphyisically inebriated and this then was one scene which was in fact shifted to Paris where they were doing the same but in fact this was a conversation in New York – all of this is disjointed scenes which are imagined he felt after being shot in a beach in a festival.

A number of scenes which was in fact in a cafe where he was with headphones and travelling by an airflight to Japan where in fact he was with other FBI people talking in a small room hotel and in fact comitting suicide in Iran.

Many disjointed scenes further he was caught by police.

Part IV.

I.

In French clothing in fact throughout the FBI is talking to the Arabic professor about why he is involved in so many cases – he is not guilty but has to be talked to. In fact he was in South Israel where in fact among Parisian buildings he was witnessing a revolt of the masses and was then in Irtiqa again, which was a Urdu note which he carried in his letter.

Stylistics ensue – a man who is holding a gun and transfers to Ilaan which then is carried in a brown paper cover and carried to in fact Algiers by ship where in fact he is busy sleeping in winter in a room and talking on the phone which then becomes a stylistic in FBI of in fact holding a television camera monitor in their car in Israel.

II.

Many developments of a man who is now recruited for the crimes he has witnessed and even revolts and a life spent in the marginal labouring lifestyles of Paris and Madrid. Ilaan is busy walking in a beach in Italy he keeps travelling to find the correct link to the crimes and witness a mass revolt in a town which then is how he reports to CIA the findings – that in fact the mass protest is talking.

III.

Belano is busy walking in Madrid and walks towards the room and is writing on a computer all that is happening in the world and reports to Ilaan he has the wholes story for him to pick up.

Part V.

I. In Paris, Banileu

A number of criminal gangs are in fact living in a Banileu which then is in fact the history of the Arabic professor Ilaan who is then witnessing alot of crimes in fact and is talking to his land lord and paying him the rent which then is in French scope the order of in fact a kitchen which is in the morning and in the night where he talks to a Corsican and is then in fact his life spent viewing crimes.

He then shifts to in fact talking to a woman in a Madrid hotel room which then is shifted next day back to Paris which is him taking a gun and sending it off to the woman and asking her to help him because he is caught by Corsicans.

He then is in fact busy in a class room and is sleeping there to free himself.

II. In Paris, 12th Road Rue

In fact in an apartment Ilaan meets Belano and Lima and is busy in fact talking to them about this crisis he is in, and is the day in fact drinking coffee and smoking and talking to them about in fact the crisis of his life.

They leave in a ship a few days later after travelling by train and bus to Italy.

III. In Madrid – Calle 21

In fact walking in the lanes to his house which he then opens and is busy covering the gun in the bed and is then walking up and down freaking out, Ilaan is wondering how he got into this mess, and leaves on a motorcycle he came by and is then in fact caught by FBI and freed of his connections in Italy again at the pier.

Fade In.

A man is smoking and talking.

A Journalist, Professor and Communist revolutionist.

A demonstration is setting off in Delhi and they are all with cigarettes.

Scene I.

Ext. Road In Paris near a Cafe

Ilaan

What do we do about our life and what it entails, do we live forever.

Many people are conversing in the cafe and this also cuts to Tehranian cafes with Burqa women and people capturing a film in the cafe.

Edit to a Court room.

Belano

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He is waiting in a court room for legal documents to meet Ilaan.

Maksud

In fact the Quran promises such language and is about abstraction and even theological fates, which means we live forever.

Ilaan

Walking up and down and talking on the phone was freeing me.

A number of reports in his suit case on perfect health by in fact scientific measurements. And he is busy in the rain with Aldone and Jamallene, even Michellete joins them with Malone.

Scene II

Al Makki

Ilaan –

Where do we go, (Strikes in the background) as he is smoking and talking to a lover.

Natalia –

Let’s go.

Claire is on the phone and they are all busy in Paris where they meet.

Fade In

In a room, smoking and talking, drinking.

Scene II

In French scope

Arabic letters forming

At a strike and talking in the rain.

With headphones a number of women are in the cafe, where they meet and exchange Tehzeeb.

Part VI.

Fade In.

A man is smoking and talking.

He is working on his life.

A Journalist, Professor and Communist revolutionist.

Scene I.

Ext. Road In Paris near a Cafe

Ilaan

What do we do about our life and what it entails, do we live forever.

Many people are conversing in the cafe and this also cuts to Tehranian cafes with Burqa women and people capturing a film in the cafe.

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Scene II

Al Makki

Ilaan –

Where do we go, (Strikes in the background) as he is smoking and talking to a lover.

Natalia –

We should just leave.

Fade In

In a room, smoking and talking, drinking.

Scene II

In French scope

Arabic letters forming

At a strike and talking in the rain.

With headphones a number of women are in the cafe, where they meet and exchange Tehzeeb.

I. Festival

In fact there is a beautiful song playing and Ilaan is with his lovers and smoking, and drinking and doing drugs and is in fact in festival and drinking alot and talking alot.

II. Formalism

In the street somewhere in Venice then in fact, Ilaan is with Mariane, and Natalia and other women including Claire which then is how he has found Irtiqa – the meaning of his life accoridng to FBI which is busy protecting them in the streets.

III. All Such Life

In fact there are many incidents and many things going on in the world – in Israel there are many revolts and insurrectional protests taking place and in fact there is this type of reading of the whole work so far.

Ending –

In fact one can contemplate that in French scope – there is a number of aligned arcs which then is the world and all its facts which are ordered in connections which synthesise which means in fact Ilaan and Belano find themselves in a room in Paris again and are smoking and talking in kitchen facing the road which then is a small set of rooms which then is how they keep talking through the day and night with neighbours who are dull people and wild fighters.

In fact the whole development of his short life in the 1999 – 2020 period then is all of this he was telling Ilaan and Belano, were talking. That in fact he was walking into different worlds and crimes and revolutions and mass protests – he was in fact caught in Irtiqa which means just that that there is so many things going on in the world and you are in its stead or factuality or real affairs.

In fact they were listening to the radio and talking the next day as well.

Part VII.

یزتعرااب

In many such determined instances and incidents in fact life is led – one leads into revolution by living such a life.

In Paris in fact I informed the police that there are so many such things of crime – even politics and revolt. Paris is that kind of place, a Quiet place.

Fade In.

A man is smoking and talking. He then revives a comrade by telling him to just believe in psychoanalysis – we are scientific.

A Journalist, Professor and Communist revolutionist.

Scene I.

Ext. Road In Paris near a Cafe

Ilaan

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Al Makki

Ilaan –

Where do we go, (Strikes in the background) as he is smoking and talking to a lover.

Natalia –

We should just leave.

Fade In

In a room, smoking and talking, drinking.

Scene II

In French scope

Arabic letters forming

At a strike and talking in the rain.

With headphones a number of women are in the cafe, where they meet and exchange Tehzeeb.

I. Unfolding Life

In fact the first chapter of the Quran reads about a man who is smoking and taking trains to the working class quarters around the world then which was how I spent a few years as a journalist who was reporting on working class protests, which then is mixed with a fated life which is spent working as well in small pubs and drinking with a lover who meets me somehow and is also teaching all over Europe. She doesn't think this is a poet's life but in fact that I am mixed up in too many crimes, what a figure then she claims. In fact I was with the police again and trying to free myself but with the court papers and legal sessions I was again just told to live my life.

The further life in the first chapter's sense then, was in French scope a life spent working in small working class PCF unionising where I met the Communists finally and spent an hour at their office which then was a travel to in fact India and this was alot of talking to alot of people in parties and I gave them my report on working class politics and left for in fact Algeria and then Cuba and met Belano and was laughing with him on the real mess of politics and living culture as we were drinking in Cuba and talking on the radio to CPC members.

II. Second and Later Chapters

In fact the rest of my life for these thirty years was what was happening in the world – a number of women and a number of incidents of crime which then I was reporting on in FBI legalism which then was also meeting with CIA. I was in fact in Iritqa I explained where I found many traces of a Corsican who then keeps meeting me – the police then says keep travelling.

I was with women at times we met at Cafes – and smoked and drank in Paris and then even in New York and in Baltimore. I was in a car and watching the rearview mirror.

III. Abounding Stories

One story was in fact me carrying newspapers and walking into trouble with people who I was reporting on and was in fact extradited by Ecuador and Cuba each day and was then left to in fact embassy life which was work with them for about 5 years after which I was then again back to my ways.

On another day I stepped into life on the drinking side with Belano who took me to Latin America and left me with a friend which then was us talking about Urdu novels which I found and bought and had in my suitcase – an old VIP trunk which was large enough and then had a number of books in Arabic and Urdu, even French philosophy – and we settled in Argentina and was depressed and smoking.

Another day FBI visited my house in Buenos Aires and laughed on how I lived for the last twenty years getting caught in a crime which was not a killing as I felt but in fact a light going off and shouting as happiness and then of course I was busy in a beach where I got traffficked to Mumbai where I was in Dharavi for a few days and then in small gangs of building scam mafia which I then reported on again.

In fact a journalist living on the edge.

IV. Surreal Scenes

Fade In.

A Journalist, Professor and Communist revolutionist.

Tehzeeb and Nazar in the Delhi apartments and then cut to

In Tehran in old apartments talking to Professors and French philosophers.

Scene I.

Ext. Road In Paris near a Cafe

Ilaan

What do we do about our life and what it entails, do we live forever.

Many people are conversing in the cafe and this also cuts to Tehranian cafes with Burqa women and people capturing a film in the cafe.

Edit to a Court room.

Belano

Yes, I agree with this poem.

He is waiting in a court room for legal documents to meet Ilaan.

Maksud

In fact the Quran promises such language and is about abstraction and even theological fates, which means we live forever.

Ilaan

Walking up and down and talking on the phone was freeing me.

A number of reports in his suit case on perfect health by in fact scientific measurements. And he is busy in the rain with Aldone and Jamallene, even Michellete joins them with Malone.

Scene II

Al Makki

Ilaan –

Where do we go, (Strikes in the background) as he is smoking and talking to a lover.

Natalia –

We should just leave.

Fade In

In a room, smoking and talking, drinking.

Scene II

In French scope

Arabic letters forming

At a strike and talking in the rain.

With headphones a number of women are in the cafe, where they meet and exchange Tehzeeb.

A number of women then in lesser clothing are living across the world and talking in summer on the phone about sex and sexuality and even conversations on life which then develops into a formal affinity for the Rayuela – which then is the development of in fact smaller lines on the phone which help us live together as in fact in 1989, I was filming a cinema on the sense of women and their Boheniam lives in Paris, even in Madrid and finally in Buenos Aires and Barcelona as well which then was a meditation on the Quran which was about the freedoms of women and their lives which got caught in a translation with French politics which I was known for in fact.

I was a translator of the French and Arabic crowd of women in India and Iran where I met the Ulama and even Pope on visits to their house for a discussion on current film and theology.

On a few years in 1998 and 2004 I was busy walking in Mumbai and covering the news I was also teaching in Paris one year and met alot of philosophers who were free of their case of in fact health issues we do not believe in since Soviet Union in fact they argued with force.

I was of course teaching the discipline – Medicine and Health which was full of poetic detours to in fact Hegel which was their argument with me which I argued was about just the life being medical and healthy when there is a development of curing the issue which is about living phenomenological lives.

IV. Surrealism

I was in fact caught in a delirious conversation with Alennete and even Slavei and was walking in Paris at the Rue with them and they were asking me why in fact I didn't believe in health crisis and how it works out – I was a poet I told them and a well read man. I predicted we will love forever because life is poetic and my journalism is all about the inventiveness of man and his world or even his daily life. Poets are such people I told them.

V. Quran again

In motifs of the Quran – an Arabic man Ilaan was feeling is in fact deeply running into people in a street here and there and talking about photographs and sex. Which I was in fact doing, and I was Ilaan who met women often – they caught me passing by and called on the phone and we met. It was just the sense of Messianism we loved in Tehran which was all the old buildings we met in and walked and talked.

Part IX.

A number of scenes of women collecting in a hotel in 2020 where in fact the revolution in India and Cuba, Algeria has set off normal life.

All of them are now in India by ship.

They are belligerant on the revolution's truth.

Fade In.

A man is smoking and talking.

He is working on his life.

A Journalist, Professor and Communist revolutionist.

Scene I.

Ext. Road In Paris near a Cafe

Ilaan

What do we do about our life and what it entails, do we live forever.

Many people are conversing in the cafe and this also cuts to Tehranian cafes with Burqa women and people capturing a film in the cafe.

Edit to a Court room.

Belano

Yes, I agree with this poem.

He is waiting in a court room for legal documents to meet Ilaan.

He works on the night in Madrid at a factory where Ilaan is in rains in New York trying to get through to his old room phone picked up by Belano's lover.

Maksud

In fact the Quran promises such language and is about abstraction and even theological fates, which means we live forever.

Ilaan

Walking up and down and talking on the phone was freeing me.

A number of reports in his suit case on perfect health by in fact scientific measurements. And he is busy in the rain with Aldone and Jamallene, even Michellete joins them with Malone.

Scene II

Al Makki

Ilaan –

Where do we go, (Strikes in the background) as he is smoking and talking to a lover.

Natalia –

We should just leave.

Fade In

In a room, smoking and talking, drinking.

Scene II

In French scope

Arabic letters forming

At a strike and talking in the rain.

With headphones a number of women are in the cafe, where they meet and exchange Tehzeeb.

Part X – Dialogues In Cars and Cafes, even Apartments and in Different Countries

I.

"What's going on” a black man named Muzzafar .asked in a low tone.

"Nothing," said Hallene under her envelope she wrote a note.

"I'm broke; and off from Algiers to Paris."

He met Ilaan who kissed in Tehzeeb Hallene on her on neck and one on the lips. Her neck felt great but, her mouth and his smelt of eap cigarettes. Muzaffar sat do on the edge of the bed and lifted up his documents to travel which he printed out from the old computer.

“What is this, and till when”, Ilaan as Muzzaffar and he said “In fact for eight months, in South Paris, working class district for Michellin tyres.

There was an unfamiliar photograph on the mantelpiece, with Lenin photographs and a bunch of folded envelopes of money. He went up to look at it and saw an an entire set of old bedclothes and alcohol bottles, her hair cut like a triangle Ilaan was smoking in a Paris room he told her and developing Algerian poverty. She was dressed in a man's jacket and wore shoes.

“In Paris, was it cheap," said Angelica, out raising her head.

Ilaan was round: Natalia walked in after ringing the bell. She had pulled her Kameez up over her thighs: her chemise Ilaan caught soft outlines of her rounded breasts.

Muzaffar was soon at the port.

II.

“Where did you outrun it?""In a class room, where you kept talking. It was taken in 1928, a Jewish photograph."Muzaffar said carefully folded up his jacket and put it in the cupboard beside his clothes and took off his shoes. Then he asked:"Do you all look at family albums?""No, but I had a sort of feeling today that I'd like to remind myself of those photographs and see what I was like before I grew up and when I always well. Bring it here."

Muzaffar brought it to her and she snatched it out of his hands. He sat down beside her. She shivered and drew back, eying the photograph with a some rum to drink. This then was Paris, in Algerian section which is reached in four hours from the port.

"It was a scream in those days," she said. Muzaffar said goodbye and walked out of the apartment in the Banielu and took a bus and taxi paid by the supervisor when he got off at Micheline automobiles.

The girl was standing standing up straight, leaning against a railing. Her mouth was with lip stick; she too was just about to say: "It's a scream," with the news on the radio of the Michellene of today. She left for he work at the university and was joined at the door with Ilaan and Belano who were eight hours late after Algiers and busy laughing on their jokes on the fact that there is structuralism in Alennete who they all went to meet in South Paris central.

In Cuba, a number of women were heading to Iran – all of this is life being lived. In many ways in

small turnings of roads, and in apartments and in cafes in Mumbai, Delone was with Indian police and in fact talking about the past, which was also about the small notebooks they were carrying wrapped in small bags which had stains in their cream look.

"Such a wonder It was taken in Berlin, and at Luxembourg, Delone said to a Parsi woman in Mumbai who was clearing out her trash in the afternoon. You see the blouse I'm wearing? I'd bought it that day, for a ip to Fontainebleau we had for the following Sunday. Good Lord."

There was certainly something going: her rescue had never been so simple, nor her voice so cued and mascara was so pronounced that she was off with Delone and the policeman, a nephew of someone she knew. She was sitting on the edge of the bed, blankly and defensive about all the news. Like a boring dish on the porcelain eating soup in the room, and it was almost painful to hear her ask in that masculine voice she was now fresh and out to buy fish. Irana gasped her shoulders and drew her towards him while trying to dance in Paris, now 14th square east with Ilaan and in class soon.

"Do you remember those days?"

"'No," replied Delone on the phone; "but I repeated a lot of trash she was saying I might have had a bad job."

III.

A number of conversations were happening with Irana and Marianette with even Claire and Natalia, even finally with in fact Hallene and Angelica which was about the running show in the cinema hall where in fact they were showing some old movies from Hollywood in Paris' central hall. They even wore skirts and stockings and in that show was Ilaan waiting outside and smoking with his beard and longish hair and was talking to a number of black and Indian men who were with philosophers and there in fact he was talking to women as well – all of whom were late.

"But you told me she'd been working hard. 'Well- no doubt he was for her over a book. But you know what she's like. She had visions, most like a Leninist. In October she was an examiner was quite; the whole class seemed to her just funny, and she ought: 'I don't give a for C lenterata,' d e chap couldn't get o er word out of her."

He paused, and all walked into the hall. But then a phone rang and he was off to the working class protest quarters and in Delhi a man was on the phone with him about a strike to be co-ordinated with Honda. Belano was well aware of his Lynchian video life which he was walking around and talking to people in the café and smoking and was even with a number of telegrams from Israel and was then visiting the life center department of health and medicine which was not needed he was told and smoked a cigarette and wore his spectacles he had come for he meant and was then rocking out with Lima.

She would dress up in the room, the women were back in the night and all of them were laughing like paintings and cinema which then meant a number of women were in fact smoking and drinking and talking about the film which had images of a French gangster who resembled so many of them out there which was all ending in a climax of in fact a mob fury which was then the role of a bank heist as well. All of it was all thumbnails of their lives they felt. Because in fact the first two hours was people in factories and a Corsican.

In several different countries therefore people were travelling between working class lives and Algerian ports with even Mumbai ports to South Africa and then of course Paris and Italy, even Spain which were the migrant lives they all led with Cuba as well as Iran all of them different lives which met at the working class strike life which had so much to do with the beginning of life – so many conversations at strikes which became crime networks and Corsicans in a small room where Ilaan was talking to him.

Part XII.

I. Help from American Liberals

“I promise you. I will help.”

Like that Aldone met Ilaan at New York and Jamallene and Michellete and Malone with the CIA were all at the bus stop talking to him and then at the police quarters booking his case, which then meant he was free but in fact his journalism reported only strikes and crime and protests and revolution. While they were thinking of the far right which has won elections everywhere. This cannot be.

The tension in set eyes was now released and they involved no real ease and freedom in their destiny. He was alone. He sat in his room and got out his suitcase and bag and rummaged through it for a letter he then kept writing all day a letter and was off – out of New York and into Cuba again. There he met Belano who was coming from in fact Mexico and was talking about drug connections and a lot of women were looking for him there which is why he went.

II. On the Mescla of Roads and Travels

In fact a number of roads in the world then with ships and cars and trains and even buses which then traversed Parisian working class strikes and even forms of protest in Algeria and then working lives in Buenos Aires which then transforms the lives into in fact the process of developing images in a house in Delhi which then was how women led their lives all of whom were artists.

A number of women were in fact getting in touch and talking to Ilaan about artistic life which they led in a momentary trance of electronic music and were busy making paintings and dancing and living a beautiful life as companies transferred money to our banks and we were in fact meeting on and off.

In the whole mess of roads, there was a stolen car which we also caught and walked into the Iranian apartments and lived with Maksud and Ulama and were reading the crisis of lives into Ilaan who was connected to a man in Italy called “the Corsican.”

III. In a Small Port in Cuba

In fact there was a ship that reached Santiago de Cuba and I was busy checking my papers with the police there and I was walking to Havana in a long journey with Belano – wer were all reading poems and talking all through the night in a bus.

There were several people following me in Mexico, and I was kept in a library where in fact I was writing my whole work down for liberation.

The women were in Tehran – the world was in an economic crisis, Fidel was arguing on the radio.

A man who is sitting in a cafe in Tehran and working out the life plan of another man who is a journalist who he meets.

A man who is busy in working class politics and is called Ilaan.

The development of his life which then is imbricated in crimes and crime networks which are related to the Corsican mafia.

The development of his life as a policeman which then is his next job which then is also his time spent in a office detailing his crimes and reports which then is also him at a festival where he argued a woman was killed.

A number of arguments which he made in the court room, and a number of cases on him which is filed and he is arguing out in Tehran court as well as Paris.

Alot of port worker strikes and travels across the world – and a number of offices he has worked in on the whole story he has witnessed.

Irtiqa as the experience of alot of travelling, women's love and freedoms which then is fought for in Communism.

In a small room and cafe which is then where he is drinking he meets alot of women – this then is the dance – and all night they keep dancing.
In many different countries, with many different taxis and buses, with money handed by the working class supervisor and with many different jobs in universities – the story is fulfillment one day when he is found to be a revolutionist and in fact given a embassy job and house for his writings in Cuba.

He is then approaching Al-Mutasim a man named Maksud who then meant the whole journey was about aliatori materialism, he walks and draws out an elipse while speaking.

Part X

I. In the Banileu in Paris, 2016

In fact in a Banileu which then is in the outskirts of Paris, Ilaan was simply writing more economic reviews which then read together his life in inter-twined manners with Trotsky and the secret police in his period, with in fact the Cuban party with the devlopments of in fact economic crisis in the world – all of which meant he is in fact a revolutionist which means that they are inter-twined histories of each person, and each setting with in fact the leaders being hemmed in in many ways by their ideas and intellectual debates on the fact of in fact crisis in the countries which is the manner in which intellectuals have no clear understanding of the modern world and its real life.

I meant in deep manners that they are all capturing the wider picture of economic crisis and mass medias and even bourgeois news which then is ideological in the sense of potraying the victory of far rights and such election campaigning which is rampant it seems world over.

I though have spent my life now researching on these questions it seemed to me – which meant the far right is always in the Lyon –Marseilles neighbourhoods and not winning in Paris, forget about all the states. It wins in perhpas one neighbourhood, as I argued which then is actually a limited set of votes meant as perhaps 10 percent of the electorate, which I also have seen and met.

Marta and Elana are women who live in Lyon and it is their task to tell me what I already know that it is full of women and men on the left who voted through their lives, and that is evident because only the left truly votes and that is the nature of the people – they are just as I was in the Banileu and working on my papers, at the table was a bunch of images and photographs of the people of Lyon which was actually on my mind, and a number of working class people and women who were of course the cheaper friends which Belano had and we met together in fact to describe the middle class in Lyon and artistic in fact working class as well.

The right wing is in fact just criminal networks and such circles of gangsters who then are all supervisor friends. And are also cheapsters and are everywhere but in the sense I would argue of what is called contractualisers and cheap Michellin and Renault hooks which are busy hooking

people into a vote is not the case actually but Banileu housing like I am in at the moment – real estate type of people and contractors and supervisors – clearly not people with a real electorate and voter ID.

II. 1999 – 2018 – Documenting France and Spain – How We Meet – Belano and I, even Muzaffar from Algeria and Maksud from Iran

In fact we develop a logic of the whole urban housing crisis that is on the ground causing the economic crisis which is also because of less public spending and creative cinema ideas, we are all just meeting by what happens to be a plan. I am taking the car to the outer area of working class neighbourhoods, after which I travel to the Central Paris square and wait a little while and then make it to the Ecole and Sorbonne for part time classes where I earn my money for the month and finally intersect with Belano at the cafe in sometimes that Le Champs Elysee which is simply knowing that he is ready – that I judge – when is it ready I keep asking him, and he says in four months and then I argue for quicker and he says yes and I spot him because I am drawing a picture of him as they say in surrealist ways – I judge he is at the marche and he is always there or around and we call at fix it. It takes a different lifestyle where one is always harassing the other person to meet, now Belano is rich these days with the Indian revolt and is not up for meeting.

It has been five years of wealth life he argues, he is settling down. But in fact I see it over-conjunturing as we argue for Ilaan, and a man who is the leader soon. We just picture it. I call it forecasting again and again which then meets.

Algerians are in India as well. For the last thirty years, though I kept travelling and marking for instance that right wingers are criminals, literally paid and hired contractors for elections and such a organised group. In India as well it is just their hiring policy of supervisor networks and criminal organisers who just set up a media fake report.

From our standpoint it is clear that citizens are poor and working class or educated middle calss which is electioning in a safe Paris sub-urb – where I go and meet them at election period. They are all professorial or something. I am in fact with the crowd, in a photograph in Palestine as well. It is the same everywhere – because they pay the rent, not the cheap landowners and they have legal papers and are also educated and enrolled in that sense. It’s hard to get a voter card I’l tell you, alot of steps involved including checks on age, character of a job and such things are in fact also meant to be educated classes.

In Algeria I met Muzaffar and we kept talking about the amount of crimes in Europe all these criminals who are rent racketing.

III. Situations, and Events, even Places to Live in – Quran and a Life

In fact I was invited to Madrd for a lecture in Arabic and was getting famous among the poorer working class women and some parents of women I was talking about – that I have worked as freelance journalist and professor for twenty years now and am forty years old and have seen it all. I even make money by talking to them about it and running them to the bank which helps them get active they say. I was in fact in Madrid for this lecturing style conversation with many women –

“In fact the Quran argues, all one has to do is be a insurrectionist and journalist, pehaps as Arabic and French professor, which then encounters a world of crime – continued.”

All the women found it bad the style and asked for better lectures. So in fact I quit.

IV. A Set of Situations – a Set of Incidents

“And beyond that my memory was about the Argentinian days which were spent talking about women who were searching for me in the Universidad where I went and met them for class and

was busy sketching history in elementary terms which then led to a lot of discussions.” I even met Belano in Buenos Aires and walked with him to the cafe in the South and called some psychoanalysts and heard about the PCA protesting again now that it is so into history with India – he joked. I even remember spending time in the working class areas. I went to Brazil and saw MST’s large mass movements it was surprising a black man said when I went up to the organisers – that we meet here. He is in fact from New York and was writing a diary on the matter of MST struggles – which then I asked for and added to my works.

It sank with its cargo of episodes like a crew preferring scuttle to the consequences of survival of the poorest people and the cargo was of course loaded on a flight which went to New York as I was with him at the airport in Brasillia we travelled to with each other talking about the episodes of cargo books he calls it. Moreover, my mother began to sing, which always happened when I tried to remember. Her voice was clear and colourless. It could indicate but not control a tune which I recognized only through the words. It was something that came to mind in the peasant singing going on in Brazil which I came back to which was on my mind, and we spent four months – Belano and Lima and I among the peasant classes but were asking why Lula was losing and they all argued it was the medias.

‘I can’t get it right tonight,’ she said.

No answer. But in fact I was home in Brasillia.

‘You know, we haven’t had rain like this for a long, long time.’

No answer.

‘You listening?’

‘Yes.’

Then she broke into a soft repetitive tone which rose with every fresh surge of feeling until it became a scattering peal of solicitude that soared across the night and into the neighbour’s house. I was in a small flat in Argentina again after travelling through Brasillia for days with the MST organisers and talking about how in fact Lula is losing then in elections and a legal case and they argued they were also the case debating it. I was then taking a train as I said goodbye and went to Argentina where the center-left was debating on fake television alot to do with new right threats. I meant to meet the government which I did and sent a letter on peasant class struggle in Latin America in general which I am about to cover but know it as a truth already. I was then in Ecuador and there after four days in Buenos Aires busy buying pens and paper and carrying my laptop in a suitcase. I was in Ecuador by a flight and among the poor agitating as they do in Kerala I argued in small numbers of protesting lyricism of all the poor peasants who had no idea of the fact that even in Ecuador no-one reports these protests. And the answer came back louder, better organized and more communicative, so that another neighbour responded and yet another until the voices seemed to be gathered up by a single effort and the whole village shook with song on its foundation of water. My friends there who were policing me were pleased and unacclaimed but generally accepted supervision. She lit the big brass lamp that hung from a beam bridging the slopes of the ceiling. The space of the ceiling directly matched my condition in Paris where I often ended up being deported to Algeria or in fact Iran and being monitored by police. And in fact it came back to me that major case of the festival I was caught in.

II. The Policemen

“Where you say my grandmother went?’ A number of people in Ecuador who are black were talking to the policemen and then I went into the hall and wrote down my name on the chargesheet.

‘To Panama,’ a woman answered. ‘It was the opening of the canal. She is now in Canal Zone. It’s time you wrote her a letter.’ Alot of poor women agitating on some language they know. I was talking to the police and getting arrested with the women and some poor men and of course it was money I had to pay.

‘And my grandfather who was your father?’ I went on talking and was taken in a police car to in fact Bolivia I argued where I knew the vice-president and was left on some blank road. I was then off to Bolivia where a large mass assembly was gathereed and they stole my laptop but I ran into

a professor who was in fact Belano's old Bolivian contact who came to meet me in joy and shoved off the police and I got my spectacles back on and he told me to leave of course because it is really agitating the masses he meant.

'Oh, he died, my child; he died before I was born.'

'And my uncle who was your brother?'

At the illusion world which I call the high up institutions who claim there is a right wing winning with this mass in Latin America or that mass in Kerala India where I went back. I was in Kochi and seeing poverty and middle-classes, I then went through a number of winding roads to see the poor and was caught by the police again. I was now deported to Delhi where I was at the court with alot of happiness from the judge who got me as in fact Ilaan who was once a strike report leader which misses they argue the reality of the organisers who have seen it though. I went to the Cuban embassy that night and told him about my travels across the world.

III.

Of course that has come into existence of world that exists secretly, as meanwhile the humorous right wingers on television will not be as laughable, but be replaced by silent and blank TV screens. I meant in fact as I shut the television in India and walked to the university and met a professor who seemed wired to television news. I told him in fact I spent time in the poorest Andhra recently and all of them still sit and agitate without the party and in fact this is the same story with People's movements in Bengal which then is all the people alongside and here he got interested of course – the right wing stalls everywhere in fake elections being sent as real elections – which then is their style of reporting the votes in fake stalls I was in fact caught in and policed by fake police. I was also aware of encounter news which was about the fake police which caught me in Dharavi at one point. I was too empirical for him he argued. At this time, the dead parties of Europe and India shall hear from the graveyards they have become. But today the Rain falls, from the far sky as I was smoking and joking with him on his Slavi style which I also picked up, I met him for a bit of pesos he gave me while I was in Europe. It will be like the rain that fell on the day and he told me to inform someone in the party of what he already knows – this police stall right wing will help but it has to be organised. It shall be the Karbalah I told him about this rain like the rain that fell when George Washington abolished monarchy. It shall be the rain. He meant in some Messianic Alenette who I also met.

They will see the bleached skeletons that they have become. By then, it shall be too late for them. All the symbols shall return to the realm of the symbolic and reality become the meaning again. In the meantime, masks of life continue to cover the landscape. Now I told him in the late night that in fact I should work for a French newspaper instead which will report the truth which they don't – and so what is the final argument. He told me to file a lawsuit.

IX.

Myself a little boy again in crackling blueness, wanting to do what Lorca says in crackling blueness to kiss out my frenzy on bicycle wheels and smash little squares in the flush of a soiled exultation. Federico García Lorca sky, equaling only itself contained all the distances that Lorca is, that he came from Spain of the Inquisition is no surprise. His poem of solitude walking around Columbia. My first day in crackling blueness, I walked off my ship and rode the subway to Manhattan to visit Grant's tomb and I thought because Lorca said he would let his hair grow long someday crackling blueness would cause my hair to grow long. I decided to move deeper into crackling blueness. When Franco's civil guard killed, from that moment on, I would move deeper in crackling blueness. I kept my secrets.

I meant of course that in the poemic format it might work better Belano argued – get rich with writing and publishing, that's all that makes a difference. Be a writer I got from him on the phone.

X. The Part about France and All Worlds of the Poor, Brazil or Algeria even America

The Cité Gaillard is somewhat difficult to find. It is then what is called Rue. It is busy with people

and always about the same thing. A river which is flowing. And then I took the taxi with PCF who then denounces the need for what the Indian Professor was calling Symbolic order. It is a deserted alley in that new quarter which separates the Rue des Martyrs from the Rue Blanche. I found it, however. As I reached No. 4, Yvan came out of the gateway and said, "I am here to warn you. The police have an eye upon this house, Michel is waiting for you at No. 70, Rue Blanche, a few steps from here." I went there to the police and got my case carried to the court where I was free finally.

In the years earlier at a festival I remembered in also a beach I was dancing with a woman. I met her there, and a gun shot went off.

I knew No. 70, Rue Blanche. Manin, the celebrated President of the Venetian Republic, lived there. It was not in his rooms, however, that the meeting was to take place.

The porter of No. 70 told me to go up to the first floor. The door was opened, and a handsome, gray–haired woman of some forty summers, the Baroness Coppens, whom I recognized as having seen in society and at my own house, ushered me into a drawing–room.

Michel de Bourges and Alexander Rey were there, the latter an ex–Constituent, an eloquent writer, a brave man. At that time Alexander Rey edited the National.

We shook hands.

Michel said to me,—

"Hugo, what will you do?"

I answered him,—

"Everything."

"That also is my opinion," said he.

Numerous representatives arrived, and amongst others Pierre Lefranc, Labrousse, Théodore Bac, Noël Parfait, Arnauld (de l'Ariége), Demosthenes Ollivier, an ex–Constituent, and Charamaule. There was deep and unutterable indignation, but no useless words were spoken.

All were imbued with that manly anger whence issue great resolutions.

They talked. They set forth the situation. Each brought forward the news which he had learnt.

Théodore Bac came from Léon Faucher, who lived in the Rue Blanche. It was he who had awakened Léon Faucher, and had announced the news to him. The first words of Léon Faucher were”

I went in fact for this Marche demonstration which was like a large square protest by working class and policed again. A man was talking in the room. “My brother went to America,’ my mother said. ‘It’s years now. The last we heard he was on a boat and then take sick, and is probably dead for all we know.’ Her feelings were neutral.

‘And when my uncle who was your brother and my grandmother who was your mother, when they went away, how old you wus?’

‘Two.’

‘Two years?’

‘Yes, two,’ my mother said.

My birth began with an almost total absence of family relations. My parents on almost all sides had been deposited in the bad or uncertain accounts of all my future relationships, and loneliness from which had subsequently grown the consolation of freedom was the legacy with which my first year opened. I then typed the novel. I was in the police office typing a novel which is allowed

and slept at the courtroom which I went to for being a migrant Arab teacher in fact.

My mother seated beside me and in front of the sewing-machine must have sensed the change progressing within me. Memory was”

“been deposited in the bad or uncertain accounts of all my future relationships, and loneliness from which had subsequently grown the consolation of freedom was the legacy with which my first year opened.

My mother seated beside me and in front of the sewing-machine must have sensed the change progressing within me. Memory was again pursuing the line of discovery which inquiry had left off. Late as it was, my birthday was still alive. The morning had opened in clouds which had dissolved the noon into a wet and sudden night.

I had had tea and a bun in the backhouse, and the promise of a cake with nine candles. But the candles had been blown out before the cake arrived, and the showers blessing the day had presumably dissolved the promise like the noon. I wore a long face and a murderous scowl.

‘But you can’t ask me to make bread out of stone,’ my mother said.”

“The kitchen in a state,’ she said, ‘and maybe rainwater get into the barrel.’

The barrel was the iron drum in which we kept our drinking water. Once a week a sanitary inspector poked his nose into it and scraped the side with his long enamel spoon in search of larvae.

‘Take yer head out my water,’ my mother once snapped. ‘You can put it in the WC if you like but not my water.’

The inspector was offended and made a note in his little blue book.

‘Good day,’ he said and fled.

I laughed as I recalled the incident. It was an odd little giggle that leapt in my throat, and my mother groaned again.

‘The kitchen in a state,’ she repeated. ‘And the last time you had rainwater you got the whole thing. And the inspector comin’ tomorrow.’ My mother sometimes talked mechanically.

The Last Part – Part XI

I was talking in a Kitchen in a Banileu, it is said the novel was published. It made a slight argument. But in fact the world was asking for a philosopher.

I articulated that it is in fact a system of philosophy – meant to be read as Alennete was smoking in his room – with this picture.

I meant it is a philosophy which is like the articulation to the diagram of Linear Algebra some type of Pythagorean babit called formalization in the French philosophy.

It is simply the meaning of revolution that in fact the Symbolic is organised militancy and revolt which then is the simple argument of the novel. That I was passing through many worlds – which then are compossible – whch articulates the Algebra of Infinite Justice – that in fact one angle passes through the cross section of election statistics in Paris whch counts till today the mass of votes in a format which is unreliable.

I was dancing with women and drinking in Thailand where I was deported again. They met me in a feminist mass – which then was in fact the news pouring in that prostitution case was developing on my name – and then of course the algebra maps the whole southern coasts of Europe to be in fact as I felt prostituion linked which I was in fact known for among the women.

I was singing in Thailand with a black man named Muzzaffar – he argued it is all the rain.